

THE FIELD APAR

# Maryknoll

JULY 1955



*In this issue:* WOMAN IN MOTION—A Peruvian Portrait



THE INDIAN pilgrim at Mysore, offering a lotus flower, is dwarfed by the legs of a sixty-foot-high statue of Gomateswara. Long in the grip of Hinduism and Buddhism, India's progress toward Christ is slow.

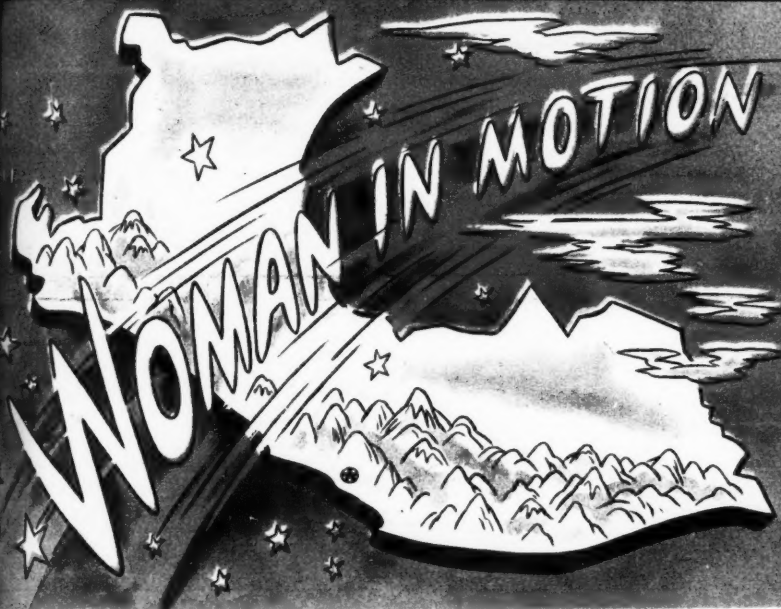
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JUL



**A heart tender to woe, a head for rallying the champions of mercy.**

**BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.**

■ THE SIGN read, "Social-Service Center." Seniorita Rosario Araoz, Father John Lawler and I entered. We were in the heart of Lima.

"Thanks to Seniorita Rosario," explained Father Lawler, "a number of the better organized parishes in Lima are establishing social-service centers to help build up better living conditions for the poor. The Carmelite Fathers here at San Jose have one of the best."

"Seniorita Rosario!" cried a voice. "What a happy surprise!"

"Senora Isabel!" called the Seno-

rita, and the two women embraced affectionately.

"Father, this is the director, Senora Isabel Gonzales," said the Seniorita, introducing the gracious smiling lady who approached us.

"This is point number one in the success of a social center," Father Lawler remarked to me in a low voice, "a capable director."

I found that the Carmelites were certainly fortunate in Senora Isabel. She is a widow, with sufficient means to give all her time to social work. She is a natural leader with

quiet self-possession, cultured, devoted, unassuming.

"There are two divisions in our work here," the Senora explained. "They are medical care and domestic science. Out of this direct aid, comes the opportunity to form good Catholic family life."

"You have social assistants to help you in this work?"

"Yes, we have two full-time workers who receive standard salaries. They are the only paid members. This pair of zealous young women, trained under Senorita Rosario, provide our main contact with the families of the parish. They keep careful records at the center and do thoroughly professional jobs."

"How do you provide the medical aid?"

"A group of doctors in the parish help. Each gives us a small portion of his time. Doctor Jose Pinelo, a pediatrician, spends two hours each week with us."

Doctor Pinelo — a hearty, robust figure — shrugged off my word of commendation. "This idea of a social-service center puts a very fine touch on parish life," he remarked. "It seems most natural to make medicine work for the Gospel."

"There are no priests evident," I said. "Do they have a role?"

"Quite decidedly," replied the Senora. "Every two weeks the two

social assistants and I meet with the pastor, to review the program and problems of the center. The parish clergy are available at all times for troubles that can best be faced by

the men of God."

What a mountain of accomplishment will be registered, I then thought, when a thousand such

parish centers are set up in Peru and other lands in South America.

Senorita Rosario hurried us off to the great Jesuit parish in Lima, where another good social-service center operates. Here the task is handled by the Social-Service Sisters, a religious community inspired by Senorita Rosario and founded in 1950 by Dolores Peralta. I was particularly impressed by one of these Sisters, the former Marta Arias who was previously a secretary at the American embassy in Lima.

"We plan to have a social-service center at the Maryknoll parish of Saint Rose of Lima," explained Father Lawler. "The head of the center will be Sister Rose Dominic of the Maryknoll Sisters, an experienced social worker."

"How do you explain, Senorita Rosario," I asked, "the development of this unusual idea in Lima?"

"All doors are open to Senorita Rosario," volunteered Father Lawler with a smile.

All doors certainly were open to this extraordinary woman. She is

## OUR ADDRESS?

*It's Easy!*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.



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**THE CORRALON** — a phenomenon of Lima's slums. This one in Father Lawler's parish counts 38 families in dark, crowded hovels, one spigot of water for the use of all and no toilet facilities.

large of build, with a full face that bespeaks kindly benignity. Her sparkling eyes reveal her fine good humor. There is the executive in her every movement but at the same time a motherly engagingness.

The Senorita next introduced us to Senorita Marina Cordova, who was a student under Senorita Rosario and in addition studied social welfare in the United States.

During the next few days, I found out much about Peru's social program, one of the best on the continent. However, it was Senorita Rosario who summed up neatly the country's principal tasks.

"Peru's social problems," she explained, "may be reduced to five: first, illiteracy; second, general low level of cultural life, social life and physical health; third, instability of the family, particularly illegitimacy; fourth, urban problems, chief of which is housing; fifth, special rural problems, heightened by the dispersion of our rural people over a wide and inaccessible mountain terrain."

At every step, Peru's Social-Service School came into the conversation. I was happy to be able to visit it. The establishment occupies a property that was once the residence of a wealthy family. We met members of the staff and a number of the students. The atmosphere is informal and friendly but at the same time there is strict discipline with careful attention to modern professional techniques. It rates as one of the best schools in Latin America.

"From its beginnings the school has made no secret of the fact that spiritual principles should play a part in the life of the social assist-

ant," explained Senorita Rosario. "Its founder, President Benefides, was a strong Catholic."

In the Senorita's office I noticed a small plaque bearing a neatly inscribed text: "The Son of Man is come not to be ministered unto but to minister."

"A very apt ideal for a social worker," I commented.

Senorita Rosario smiled. "I give one of these plaques to each of our students. I would be very glad if you would take one with you."

Senorita Rosario lets her ideal of dedication govern not only her professional but also her private life. She and her three sisters lived in the family residence in a section of Lima that was without a church.

Senorita Rosario decided to remove this deficiency. She went to the late Cardinal Guevara and proposed that he establish a new parish in her neighborhood.

"My three sisters and I have decided," she explained, "that if Your Eminence can secure a group of missionaries who will serve our part of Lima, we shall turn over our residence to them; they can use it as a temporary rectory."

And this came to pass. His Eminence secured the services of Maryknoll for this pioneer task. Father John Lawler has proven a very capable organizer. Under his guidance the parochial plant of St. Rose of Lima has come into being. Thus the Rosario sisters may return soon to their family home.

In Senorita Rosario, Peru and the Catholic world possess an unusual example of a thoroughly able and finely inspired lay apostle. ■ ■

MARYKNOLL

# SPOTS



## ON THE MAP

**Having trouble with hyenas?**

**Feed them homemade cheese.**

**BY EDWARD A. MCGURKIN, M.M.**

■ NASSA, on the shores of Lake Victoria, is in the heart of the Cotton Bowl of the Tanganyika Territory. It is perhaps the most promising mission in Maryknoll's new territory in East Africa. The people are progressive, the movement towards the Church is better here than elsewhere in our area, and the present community of one thousand Catholics will soon be doubled. The church's title is *Notre Dame de Bon Secours*, but considering the land and the people it could be Our Lady of Calico.

The best Kisukuma in Tanganyika is spoken around Nassa. Father Edward James is helped in his language study by the son of the chief. Father is codifying his knowledge and already has a fair-sized grammar prepared. He is also compiling a phrase

book with important sentences like: "Bring me two fried eggs."

The language in Nassa is one of prefixes. Each word is built up like a train; but instead of hitching the cars to the back of the locomotive, they are put up in front. Separate prefixes denote who is doing the doing, what he is doing, to whom he is doing it, when he is doing it, whether or not it is continuing, was continuing, was done yesterday or a long time ago; and so on. Prefixes tell the story. For example, we are in Sukuma Land. The people of Sukuma Land are Basukumas; their language is Kisukuma.

FATHER BRANNIGAN, at Shinyanga, has the most complicated mission. Most likely it will some day be the center of this Maryknoll field. Besides the usual con-

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gregation of farmers and cattlemen, his mission has a town population of Government workers, teachers, clerks, hospital attendants. Moreover, the mission includes the Williamson Diamond Mines and the Alimasi Mines. Large numbers of Catholics work in both mines, but they are a floating population. A knowledge of all the languages of the twelve tribes of Musoma would help Father Brannigan. Luos are numerous, and Father says the Luos are the pillars of his parish. Besides Kisukuma, he uses Kiswahili, Kikuria and Koluo.

Shinyanga will eventually become two parishes, an urban one for the townfolk, and the present one — on the Taboro road, about a mile from town. This mission has primary schools and a middle school is being built.

FATHER BAYLESS is at Busanda, about twenty miles south of Shinyanga. It is the last parish of the diocese, and reaches to the boundary of our territory. Busanda is the most difficult and in some ways the most important mission. The progress of Father Bayless in getting to know the language and the people is astounding. He knows just about everyone in the parish — knows them by name, where they live, what they do and what they should be doing. His language teacher has a hard time keeping up with him. Animals play an important part

in African life. What they think, say and do is the best matter for bedtime stories. Here is a sample which Father Bayless can easily render into Kisukuma: Once upon a time there was a lion with very sharp teeth and very strong claws and there was an elephant with very big tusks and a very bad temper. One day the lion met the elephant, and they made insulting remarks each to each and vice versa. Then they began to fight. They fought and fought and fought. The birds screamed, the other animals fled in fright, and the baby monkeys hid their little heads in their mothers' laps, and there was blood and blood for miles around!

FATHER RUDIN is right at home in Kilulu. "At last I am beginning to live," he says. Kilulu during the rains is the most isolated mission. It is about 70 miles inland from Nassa. The parish reaches northward and eastward into the Serengeti Plain.

The country between Nassa and Kilulu is the most promising district at present. The people are numerous, friendly and unspoiled by contact with towns. The chiefs are friendly and welcome missionaries. Before many years, Maryknoll should have two new missions in this part of Sukuma Land to complete a chain of missions, each about 25 miles apart, across the territory.

The priest at Kilulu lives on the



edge of the Serengeti Plain. It's easy to solve the meat problem by an occasional safari to bring back antelope, gazelle, lion, or whatever animal the cook desires.

One of the former missionaries in Kilulu decided to keep expenses down. He experimented with making homemade cheese. He left the cheese outside, hanging in a sack from a beam of the veranda. One night a hyena stole into the yard, sniffed at the cheese and ate it. Next morning, beyond the hedge, the hyena was lying on his back, four paws in the air, stiff as a stone.

FATHER PFISTER is at Gula, which is also on the edge of the Serengeti, so meat is bought easily; the price is one or two well-aimed bullets.

It is only a day's journey in the dry season across the Serengeti Plain from Gula to the Ngorongoro Crater and thence on to Arusha and snow-capped Mount Kilimanjaro.

I'M at Sayusayu (pronounced "sigh-you sigh-you") approximately in the center of our territory. It is five miles from the Post Office and Government headquarters of the Maswa district. Gula is one hour away by car, except when the Simyu River rises and cuts off traffic. Shinyanga is a drive of an hour and a half, and Busanda is two hours away. Nassa is the most distant, about 90 miles away. The pontoon ferry across the Simyu River, how-

ever, makes travel time to Nassa uncertain. Normally it takes between three and four hours, but if heavy rains close the short cuts, then it can be reached only by way of Mwanza, a trip of 140 miles.

Sayusayu has a beautiful big church, built of stone, the best church in the territory — large, clean and well decorated. It is within the chiefdom of the Nunghu, in the land of sweet potatoes.

The chief of the Nunghu is a Catholic, a most wonderful and exemplary Catholic, a man of deep and solid faith, who has proved his worth. He is perhaps the most respected and the most sought-after chief in the whole land. He is looked up to by Africans and admired by Europeans.

A few years ago he went to Rome. On his return, he kept the people entertained for hours, relating what he saw in Rome, telling them about the Pope and the pilgrims. What impressed him was to see Europeans working — actually using their hands to do menial work, such as they are never seen doing in Africa.

On the feast of the Good Thief, I stole a few days from language study and went with Father Brannigan to Dar Es Salaam, to pick up a Ford truck. It is a gift of friends in Hartford which had finally completed its long sea journey.

I PICKED UP a good lion story at Morogoro. Two Dutch White

Fathers were visiting there. They said that at Bangweolo the Fathers were awakened at midnight by the ringing of the church bell. They went out to investigate. A lion was tugging at the bell rope.

It seems that earlier in the day one of the house boys had been cutting up meat, when suddenly it came time to ring the *Angelus*. That night, sniffing around the compound, the lion followed his nose to the bell rope. Interviewed later by reporters, the lion cast his eyes down with a sad little sigh and said simply, "There is no other explanation; I was just hungry."

IN MOSHI, at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro, we spent a night with the Irish and American Holy Ghost Fathers. The Catholic population is high in this part of Tanganyika. On Sunday mornings, the scene around the church is much like that seen in the States: cars, trucks and busses, which bring the people to church from the country, line the road near the church and create a traffic problem.

The pastor at Moshi recommends all visitors to stop at Mbulu, a mission of the Pallotine Fathers. It is worth the visit just to hear African Fathers there speak English. They are working with Irish Fathers, and they use words like "wisha" and "wurrah" and "faith and begor-

rah" — they have a soft brogue.

The long trip back from Dar Es Salaam was full of many and varied sights. They included the sisal estates and coconut plantations of the coast country, the jungles around Nguru Mountains, the sandalwood and eucalyptus groves around Mombo and Kiswani, the coffee plantations around Kilimanjaro. The road led also through the high, dry and windy Masai Steppes, and then on through the rich farm country and tea plantations of Kenya. The Mau Maus gave us no trouble, although they were still terrorizing missions north of Nairobi.

The most impressive stop was at Kisii, the parish conducted by the Mill Hill Fathers. This parish once had 36,000 Catholics. Then one section was cut off — about 10,000 Catholics — to start another parish. The remainder is administered by one Dutch Mill Hill Father and one African priest.

Bishop Hall one day confirmed a class of a thousand; on the next day he confirmed 300 more — all from the one parish.

Now I'm back on the job, studying this upside-down language. "Ya-ya" means "No." "No, no, no," means "Yes, by all means." Traffic takes the left side of the road. With December ahead all the people are looking forward to spring so they can plant their fields. ■ ■





# Smilin' Jack

BY EDMUND T. SHAMBARIS, M.M.

■ A LITTLE old man has become almost an institution at the parish here in Hikone, Japan. He appeared here last summer and said that he wanted to be baptized immediately.

His Japanese was almost unintelligible. So I sent him to Sister Talitha who is of Japanese origin. She deciphered his speech, and told him that he would have to study and pray. He agreed to do this.

I gave him a few pieces of clothing to replace his tattered kimono, some rice to fill his empty stomach, and a few yen to take care of his other wants. He insisted that he pay back this aid in some sort of way. But what could an old man, a veritable Methuselah, do? He found himself a job on the mission compound. Soon we saw him almost daily, his withered frame bent over, as he pulled weeds from the deep gutters bordering the property.

One day as he hobbled along, an old granny accosted him.

"Old uncle! Where are you going?"

"To church," was the reply.

"Why are you going there? What will you do there?"

"I am going to pray."

"I, too, would like to go there one day to pray!"

"Well, come with me, now!"

And in this way, Smilin' Jack took a friend to church. We had nicknamed him "Smilin' Jack" because he rarely smiled. But he smiled on that, his red-letter day. His grin was as broad as a house. Why? Because he, a catechumen, had brought a prospective convert to church!

She, too, was old. She had had some contact with the Church in another city. This was a renewal of old acquaintance. She produced a rosary from the folds of her kimono. But she complained that the prayers were too difficult, too long to memorize. Sister taught her some ejaculations. By this simple method, we hope that she will receive the gift of Faith some day.

Smilin' Jack went on preparing for another happy occasion. He was eagerly looking forward to his baptismal day. I gave him a new kimono (the new wedding garment of the Gospel) and he got a haircut for the big event.

We no longer call him Smilin' Jack. On Assumption Day, he was baptized Abraham. ■ ■



# THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

**Father Armand Jacques** was for six years in one of our most difficult missions in Manchuria. For six years he remained in a small village, and most of this time, he was protecting the people against bandit depredations. It was a good period of novitiate; for when I changed him to a new post, he began to apply certain techniques to convert work that had fine results.

After the war he tried these in the Kweilin mission in South China; he had been expelled from Manchuria. Again there were remarkable returns. But now in Formosa, he seems to have developed a method that many others are following. I undertook to get from him the fundamental principles of his work. They are not new, but they are a change in some respects from the older system.

For a long time, it has been the custom to put a pair of shoes on a farmer or an artisan in some remote mission area and, after some instruction, call him a catechist. I recall one of our Manchuria missionaries making catechists out of his cooks. The cook, being both cook and waiter, was indoctrinated during the meals. This good priest would turn out a catechist every six months or so.

**Father Jacques'** system is quite different. He invites non-Christian people of better position to his home and has them live the Christian life

he lives — morning prayers, meditation, Mass, spiritual examen, spiritual reading. After several months of this experience, he sends them home to think it over. Most of them return and ask for baptism. From that group — having had a chance to study them — he picks his catechists, and then gives them salaries that would be equivalent to what they could earn, say, as teachers, functionaries in Government, or shopkeepers.

In this way he has been able to train a number of outstanding catechists. They in turn help him to bring in not only the simple and uneducated groups but those of higher social standing.

The system is an expensive one. It can be carried on only by a man who has a number of personal benefactors who are generous. It is a pity that we can't give all of our men an opportunity to follow, at least in part, the method that has been used successfully by Father Jacques. It is a greater pity that we cannot meet a situation in which nearly all of our men could have double the number of converts if they had twice as many good catechists. Remember, one good one is worth three mediocre ones. What we need is a large catechist fund, adequate to provide for this program.

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# REAL "NO SQUEAK" YOUNG AND COMPANY

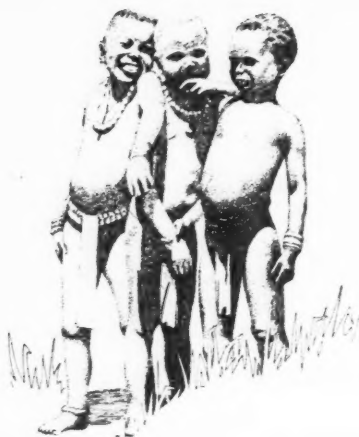
SHOES, BOOTS & LEATHER GOODS.

## PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

■ WHEN a Chinese buys a pair of shoes, he wants them to squeak so that everyone will know he has new shoes. For him the shoes do not say "squeak, squeak" but "new, new." However, a couple of enterprising shoe-store proprietors on Gloucester Road, Hong Kong, are out to capture the foreign trade, particularly that of American servicemen on leave. They advertise "no squeak" shoes — a fact that puzzles many Chinese and brings smiles to visiting Americans. ■■

GENUINE REAL OLD  
**"NO SQUEAK"**  
SING CHUNG & BROS.  
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## BABY FIXER

David and his wife took one,  
then found they got a bonus.

BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.

■ SOME 70 miles from Musoma town, across the river that divides Musoma District from Ukerewe Mainland, is a big fishing village called Ujimbwe. Favorable winds on that part of Lake Victoria's shore take fishing vessels out to sea. The object is to catch as many perch as they can, and return home the same day. Travel along the rough dirt road near Ujimbwe, and you're bound to see several white sails on the lake,

billowing out like fat triangular pillows from their long slanting yards and straining at their rope ends.

There's good profit in catching and drying *ngege*, and Luos come down from Kenya by the hundreds to get their share. A man and his wife make a good fishing team. The man is a crew member of one of the boats and the Mrs. cleans his share of the catch, splits them down the middle, puts them out in the sun to get as hard and dry as boards before selling them.

I don't know when the Luos in Ujimbwe first built their mud-and-wattle chapel, where they pray on Sundays and where the catechumens learn their prayers and catechism. My first visit delighted the people. They had considered themselves abandoned, and here was a priest saying Mass for them, giving them the sacraments, telling them how to get back into good standing after years of laxness. The catechumens took new heart in studying. Every evening during my stay, they gathered in my hut. After a bit of friendly talk, someone always said, "Now, teach us more about God."

A few months ago while I was down there, a little boy maybe two and a half years old came into my hut. He wasn't at all afraid, as so many children are, of a white man. Although he looked poor, dressed in an extremely dirty knee-length shirt, he asked me to have a bite of his stick of dried cassava, which looked rather like a brown, dried-out potato.

His baby talk didn't all get through to me. But a number of people standing around told me

about him. His name in Zurukwa. He is an orphan, and his uncle-guardian isn't like the great majority of Africans who love children. Whatever the uncle had in mind, the child was making out badly from neglect and abuse. I wouldn't have believed a small boy could be that cruelly treated, until I saw that his little body was literally covered with fresh wounds and scars. Yet despite all that, what a nice friendly and generous little fellow Zurukwa is!

"But why haven't the rest of you done something?" I wanted to know. Well, they had tried but without success. So I sent the catechist after the uncle, to bring him to see me about the child.

The uncle came to the house. I found that he wasn't a Luo; we had to get on as best we could in Swahili. The upshot was that I asked him to give me the child. He gladly agreed, finishing up by asking if the *Bwana* wouldn't give him some money to buy tobacco.

I decided to put Zurukwa in the care of a Christian couple in Musoma, who would be glad to have him. David and his wife were all smiles when they saw him. Little Zurukwa yelled when he saw me leave. I was the kindest person he

had ever met in his young life.

David and his Mrs. are simple people and they are taking good care of him. By now he's as chubby as any youngster. All his wounds have healed except one on his head, where the old boy had batted him with a knobkerrie.

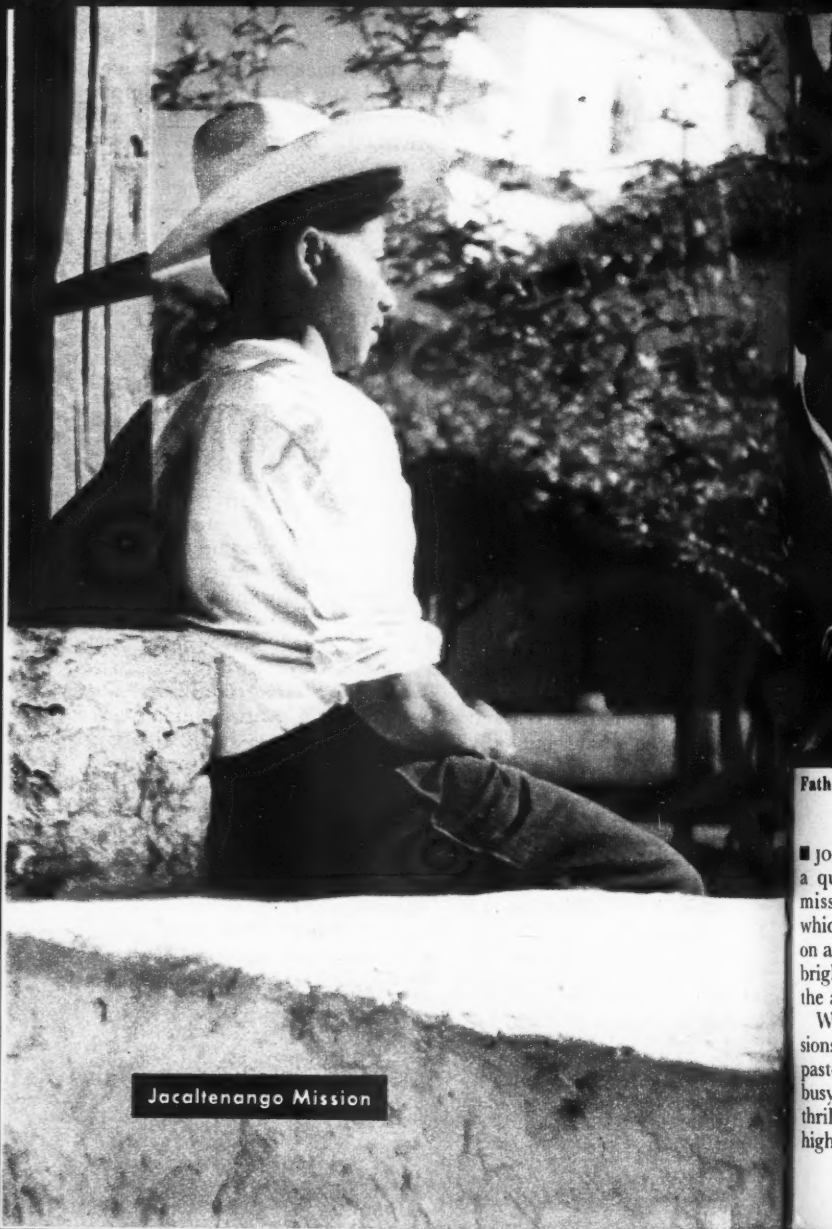
A couple of weeks ago, I was back in the village of Ujimbwe. During my visit, the lad's uncle hunted me up. He spent a little while beating about the bush, asking about Zurukwa's welfare. He seemed mighty pleased to learn that I had found a good foster home for his nephew. The next time he called he offered me a hunk of fresh beef; that was to soften me up.

"Padri," said he, "would you be so good as to relieve me of the responsibility of caring for Zurukwa's sister? She's still a little child and I don't feel up to taking care of her."

He pointed out with the shrewd business sense that seems inborn in these people: "When they get bigger, Zurukwa can marry, using the cows of his sister's bride price to buy a bride for himself."

David and his wife are happy to have the little girl in their home. Before Zurukwa and his sister came the couple had been childless. ■ ■

Father Thomas F. Garrity planned to tidy up the statue of Saint Michael, the patron saint of Ilave in Peru. He wasn't long in discovering that Saint Michael has thousands of enthusiastic and particular devotees in Ilave. Announcement of the clean-up program met with howls of protest. The Indians prefer their leader's statue as it is — battle-soiled.



Jacaltenango Mission

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Father John F. Lenahan, Superior in Guatemala, gets a firsthand report.

■ JOIN Father Lenahan as he makes a quick trip around some of the mission stations in Guatemala, which are in his charge. We travel on a typical highland day — warm, bright sun, blue sky, a freshness in the air.

We will see beautiful colonial missions, restored by their Maryknoll pastors. We will find the people busy with everyday tasks. We will thrill to the color and beauty of the highlands. ■ ■

## A DAY IN THE SUN

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
ROBERT E. LEE, M.M.

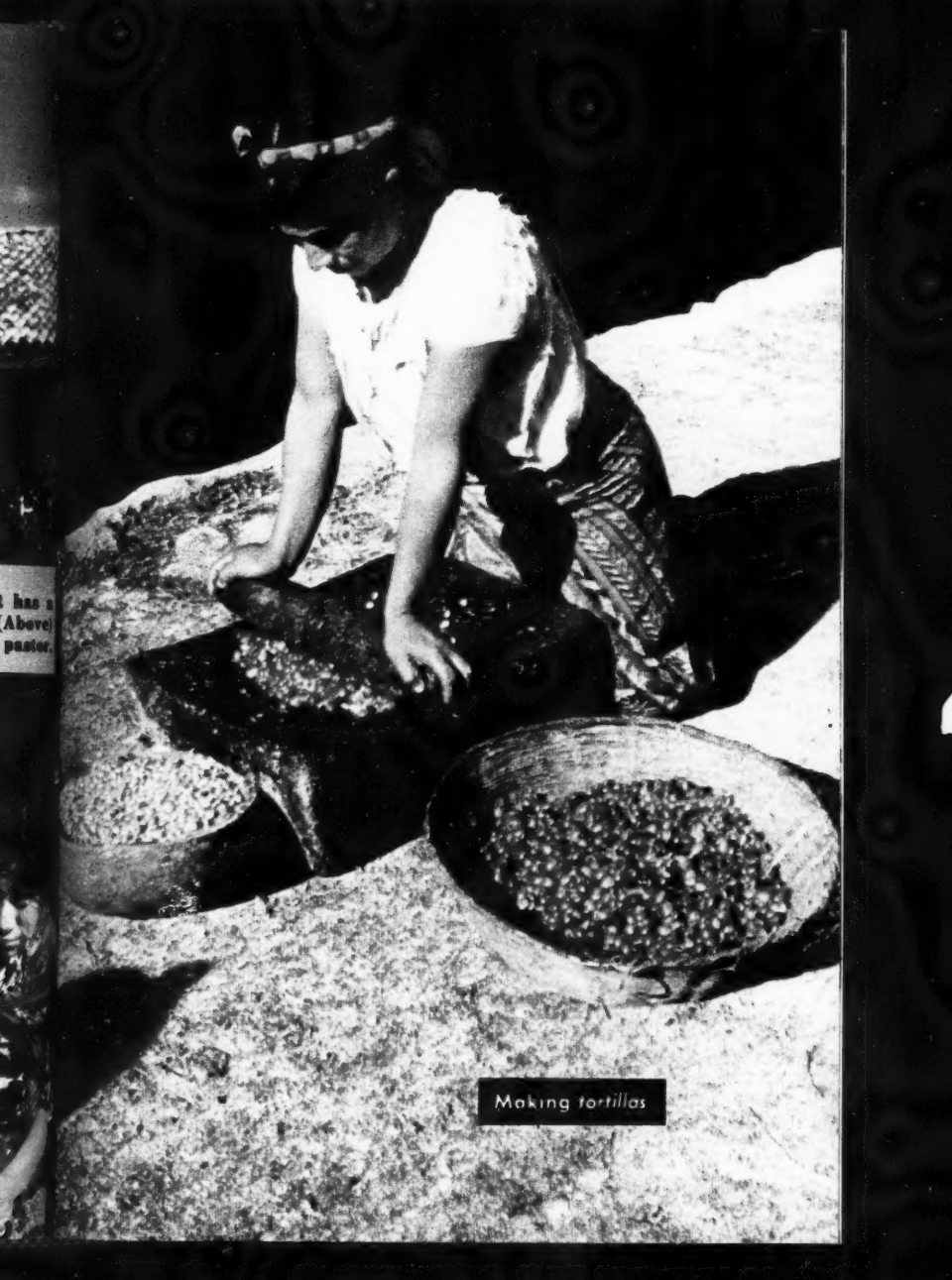


Chiantla is one of the busiest Maryknoll stations in Guatemala. It has a shrine to the Blessed Virgin and attracts pilgrims from far away. (Above) A marriage couple. (Below) A colorful baptismal group awaits the pastor.





has a  
(Above)  
master.



Making tortillas



Girls and their water jars give a Biblical air to picturesque Guatemala. The Indian (right) has a poinsettia for Padre John Gorham at Ixtahuacan.



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# What ONE Priest Can Do!

HOURS DAILY, FATHER EDWARD WALSH, OF PORTLAND, MAINE, LABORS TO HELP JAPANESE IN BODY AND SOUL. HIS CHARITY CHEST COUNTER PROVIDES CLOTHES, MEDICINE, FOOD FOR THE NEEDY.



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State.....Age.....School.....Grade.....

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Out fishing! Sisters and girls set out to get pupils for classes.

## Lots of Work

■ "School's out!" in the Philippines. Sisters and catechists get down to hard work. Summer classes in catechetics prepare these eager lay helpers for the coming school year. Many towns will never be able to have Sisters permanently. The Maryknollers turn vacation time to advantage in many parts of the hinterlands.

Even the tough questions are easy with Sister Rita Clare (Comber).

JULY, 1955





At an evening get-together, Sister Patricia Marie (Callan) goes over the points of her intensive religion course with Siniloan's catechists.



Well-trained volunteer catechists can revivify the Church in the Philippines. Young and old sign up for the summer religion course.

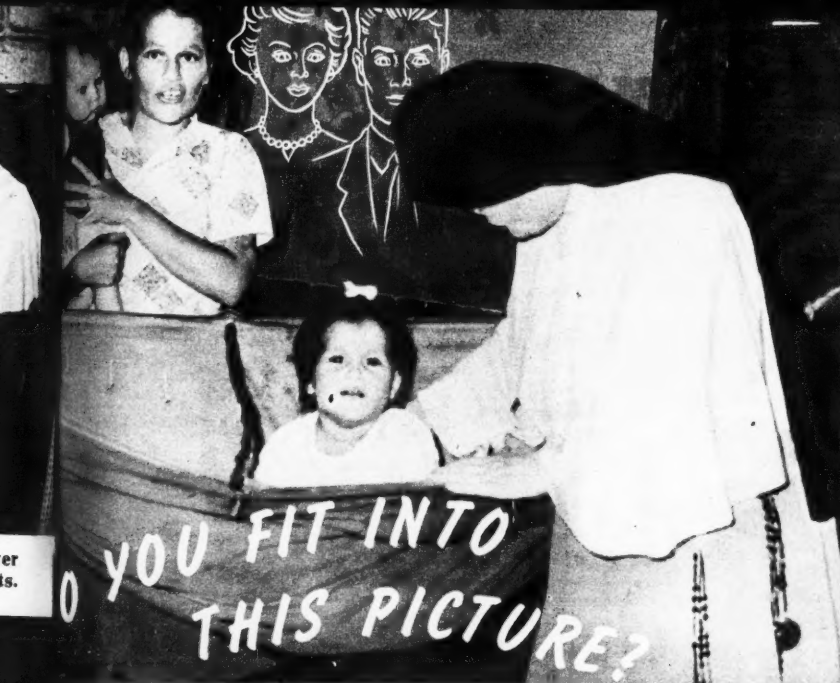
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Indeed you do!

You are right there by the primitive bedside. You put the medicine into Sister's hand. You give her professional knowledge that will put this child back on its feet.

For YOU have helped to train the Sister. You help to keep her there in the jungle missions.

YOU are a real missionary, too, taking Christ to souls who have never known Him.

---

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, New York

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As long as I can, I will send \$ . . . . .  
a month to help support a Sister.







# How to Break the Ice

**Pleas and coaxings don't work;  
what they need is leadership.**

**BY JAMES T. MANNING, M.M.**

■ THE TROUBLE with a new mission is that you have to invent something. This something is the means that a missionary uses to make the Church known. Here in Tienchung, Formosa, the means has been a dispensary that deals exclusively with goiter patients. Goiter is endemic in this region of Formosa.

A missionary needs an "in" or else he is "out" as regards getting the people to come around and inquire about the Church. If the Church, in this day and age, is not noted for doing something for society it is not looked into as the Master intended it should be.

I could not write anything about the workings of the Tienchung parish without saying that the results are due mostly to the two Hungarian Sisters, Sister Alena and Sister Juvenita, who have worked here zealously. Nothing is too small, nothing is too big for them to handle.

They took over direction of a

native postulancy; they saw to keeping the church tidy; they instructed pagan wives of Catholic men. They pitched in and organized the young girls of the mission along sodality lines. They made endless walks and numerous visits. They attended to the million-and-one things that come up on feast days. They painted doors, whitewashed walls; they did just about everything that was to be done.

The girls' sodality they run does not just pray. Their meetings include training for work in the Legion of Mary. The youngsters learn to take care of a sick sister-in-law who is not yet a Catholic; to bring around a lax member of the family; to see that others in the family go to the sacraments.

Tuesdays and Thursdays are entirely taken up with the goiter work. But even on those days, the Sisters use evenings to supervise the children's doctrine courses in various villages; to teach singing; to see to it that the women are faithful to doctrine study.

At first the mission of Tienchung had only one woman catechist. Today it has seven. Catholics at first were interested enough to bring friends around — but who was to teach their friends? They themselves were able to do the job. But that never occurred to them.

Catholic children of this parish in the last fifteen years have shown a big natural increase. They had been more or less neglected as regards catechism. Attendance at Mass, reception of the sacraments and Catholic training were at a low ebb. What they needed was

attention and they got plenty of it.

Running here and there, looking for openings, got us nowhere for we had no one who could follow up on these contacts. So we borrowed a page from Father Armand Jacques' book and trained some needed helpers. We put them through a five-month course on a strict schedule. When that was finished, we gave them a little training on how to use what they had learned.

Recruits for this program came from a group that was here before we came. Its object was fine but its organization was poor. It was made up of 30 young men, eighteen to thirty-five. Its object was to help the priest spread the Faith. But they were given no specific instructions, and had no reports to make. The end results were a slackening of interest and nothing accomplished.

We pleaded, cajoled and did everything to get them moving. Finally we asked them to teach catechism in outlying districts, to children who had long been without any instruction. So, in seven villages for nearly four months, young farmers taught the children in the country, and liked it.

It has been interesting to watch the progress of the young men who have gone through a five-month course. In the first three months, two of the group found opportunities near where they were running catechumenates; now they are teaching in four places in addition to their assigned classes. In another place two catechists interested twice as many prospects as they had at first.

At first I had to point out each opportunity — even to the extent

of taking one catechist by the hand and introducing him to a man who was coming for goiter medicine. The young man thought at first that visiting the men who come in for medicine would never pay off. My purpose in having them develop the interest of every one who had some contact with the Church was to train them to make it a habit.

They had to get experience, and in getting experience, they made some mistakes. For example, one made friends with a man in a village only to find out later that the man is part of a faction in a dispute; the opposite faction was alienated.

Some found that the priest turned down certain catechumens, who should have been told beforehand that they'd have to wait because they did not know enough doctrine.

The important thing is that our volunteer leaders learned methods. We didn't expect them to be perfect.

Recently the first fruits of two catechists were baptized. A year before, a similar opportunity afforded itself but we were not able to make use of it. Later, because we had trained men, we were able to make use of the opportunity.

By comparing statistics, it becomes evident that the number of converts in a mission land depends on the number of catechists the missionary can put in the field. Where Catholics are still in small numbers, we can safely conclude that catechists have been few; where Christians are numerous, the mission has had a good number of catechists. That China had some three million Catholics before the Reds struck, was due to the work of native cate-

chists, under the direction of priests. It did not have more because there weren't enough catechists.

Today Tienchung numbers some 1,400 Catholics. The largest concentration is in the Catholic village of Peh-Hun, the cradle of Christianity in the Tienchung area. This was founded by Father Sasian, a little before the turn of the century. Even today, many years after Father Sasian returned to Spain, many of the old-timers speak of him. Why? I think it's because no one since his time had the energy he showed for making converts or trying to interest the people in making the Church grow. The territory was new; he did most of the contacting himself but he used catechists when he could afford it.

I am told that there never were more than two catechists here in the past. As I see it, for the opportunities we have today, the very minimum would be ten catechists. Whether we can afford them, is another question. In the past catechists never went into a locality unless they had a nearby chapel to teach in. Now the people supply a place where doctrine can be taught, and a house for the catechist to live in. A catechist must live in the village. It is the only way he will get to know what is going on and be able to meet the people when they are not busy.

Recent baptisms show that a mission can get results other than natural increase. Most of our Catholics show that they are anxious to find people who may be interested in the Church. Instead of having a tree that will just grow, we have one that will multiply itself. ■ ■ ■



# FINGER OF GOD

It is likely that this article will make you squirm a little.

BY FRANCIS J. CAFFREY, M.M.

■ JIM was employed in a neighborhood market selling fruit and vegetables. Two of his customers were Miss Nusang and Miss Aretz; they were accustomed to do their daily marketing on the way home from Mass. Both ladies carried their missals, and as time passed the young man inquired about their books and about the people who were pictured inside.

One morning the ladies asked Jim, "You have learned quite a bit about our Faith from our little chats, do you want to become a Catholic?"

Jim's reply was that he worked all day long. The ladies explained that he could visit the Maryknoll parish during the evening hours and if he so wished could receive instructions from one of the Fathers. This Jim did and after a year of instructions he became a Catholic.

As time went on, the Fathers at the mission came to know a lot about Jim; eventually they concluded that the lad had a vocation to the priesthood. One day Father Lavery visited the rooming house where Jim and the two ladies lived. Jim was away at work but the ladies were at home. Father Lavery said to them, "The finger of God surely points to that young man."

Shortly thereafter this young Japanese-American entered the Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Mountain View, California. His period of training would be long, stretching out over quite a period of years.

This is what the two ladies were thinking about back in the year 1939, when they started a club to help put Jim through the seminary, to aid him in his steps towards the altar of God. The organization of

MARYKNOLL

this club was along simple lines. Members attended monthly meetings and paid dues, a quarter a month. The meetings were held on the west side of the Los Angeles metropolitan area. Getting there by a series of transfers on streetcars and busses was not easy for Miss Nusang and Miss Aretz, but their presence was important in keeping the club on its toes.

Several years after the club started, life was not at all pleasant for our Japanese friends in Los Angeles. But these good ladies, disregarded the hysteria and race hatred of the early days of World War II, and continued to hold regular meetings of the club. During the dark days immediately following Pearl Harbor, our Maryknoll School for Japanese was closed because the Japanese were all evacuated to relocation centers. During those trying days this team of zealous women held their monthly meetings in a downtown cafeteria. They weren't bashful about opening and closing the meetings with prayer. They used the cafeteria piano for an occasional song fest. The owner of the cafeteria didn't object; he was a good friend of theirs and interested in all things good. A Maryknoll Father or Brother managed to attend each meeting, to address a little encouragement and congratulations to these people who were putting Jim through the seminary.

June of 1949 was a great month

for the club because that was the month in which Father James Tokuhisa was ordained a priest forever. He was assigned to Japan. His friends in the club presented him with a chalice, ciborium, Mass kit. And they also provided him with a jeep to carry him on mission trips among the people on the Island Empire.

That wasn't the end of the club by any matter of means. No sooner had Father Tokuhisa's ship sailed out of the harbor than they began laying plans for helping another boy reach his goal. They asked for and were assigned another Japanese-American lad studying at Maryknoll. This second lad is well on his way to the priesthood.

The two ladies who inspired and kept this club going won't relish my mentioning their names. They'd prefer to have me merely say that two ladies organized this student-aid club. Such seems to be the anonymous manner all good folk adopt.

Their initiative and enthusiasm leads me to believe that what they have done, others can do. What they have done to help make this a better world might well serve to encourage other good people to follow suit. We feel that the finger of God is pointing to many thousands of American young men. Look around you, take an interest in the lads in your neighborhood and pray. A lad with a vocation may live just around the corner from you.

■ ■

### YOU WILL NEVER KNOW

this side of heaven how much your sacrifices for the missions mean to the angels who record them in golden letters in the book of eternity.

with a chalice, ciborium, Mass kit. And they also provided him with a jeep to carry him on mission trips among the people



# The Priest on Holy Mountain

Opposition always thaws out  
before his friendly smile.

BY IVAR McGRATH, S.S.C.

■ WHEN Father James A. McCormick, Maryknoller from Clarks Summit, Pa., looks out from his new mission at Towfen, Formosa, he sees Lion Head Mountain. The mountainside is dotted with twelve temples.

Towfen, in the Taipei Archdiocese, is a Hakka-speaking district just like the parish he ran in the Kaying Diocese on the Chinese mainland.

Father McCormick's mission experience in China included arrest by the Communists at the same time as Bishop Francis X. Ford, whose Vicar General he was. Father was expelled from China in 1952; Bishop Ford died in prison in Canton.

Father McCormick is a veteran missionary who first went to China twenty-three years ago. He feels the challenge of having a temple-studded mountain in his parish. Since he set up his mission in the

town of Towfen, he has toured the surrounding towns and villages, making contacts and sowing the seeds of new Christianities with tireless energy. His ready smile, his friendly humor, his fluent Hakka are big helps in this direction.

Although his present parish is in virgin territory for the Church, and although Buddhism and superstition are strong, Father McCormick is full of hope for the future.

"Many of those with whom I have become friendly and who have expressed a wish to study Catholic doctrine," he says, "have spoken of the need that is felt for a strong moral sense or conscience in the community. They feel that the old beliefs and traditions have been found wanting — they need a positive creed and code of morals with definite sanctions."

Although only three months in the new mission, the husky priest

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from Clarks Summit has already baptized several people. In the town of Towfen, some sixty people gather every night to recite evening prayers and to study doctrine.

Through experience, Father McCormick is a great believer in the friendly, even social contact. He never refuses an invitation to visit a town or village no matter how far it is or how inconvenient it may prove, even though the invitation is purely a social one. In this way he has made useful contacts and interested people in the Church, in nearly all the towns and villages of his parish.

One town, Nan Ch'uang, at the foot of the aborigine-inhabited mountains, is a good example. Father McCormick has made friends in Nan Ch'uang, so many friends that it has been set up as a separate mission. Father Donat Chatigny, Montreal-born Maryknoller, was appointed pastor.

Another Maryknoll priest, Father Francis Rebol, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been assigned to assist Father McCormick.

Father McCormick recently visited Lion Head Mountain and spent a night in a temple guest house. He received a big welcome from the head of the county Buddhist Association, who is also business manager of four of the temples.

The missionary had met him at dinner in a nearby town.

"I doubt if he will ever become a Catholic," grins the priest, "but who knows? And if he did, it would surely be some triumph of grace. Think of what that would mean for the Church in this area."

Wakened at dawn by the temple bell, Father McCormick looked out the guest-house window at the splendid view seen from the mountaintop, and said a prayer that the knowledge of the true God might penetrate the mists now hiding Him from those bowing before idols in the temple, just as the light of the morning sun was penetrating the smoke from the joss-sticks burning in homage before false gods.

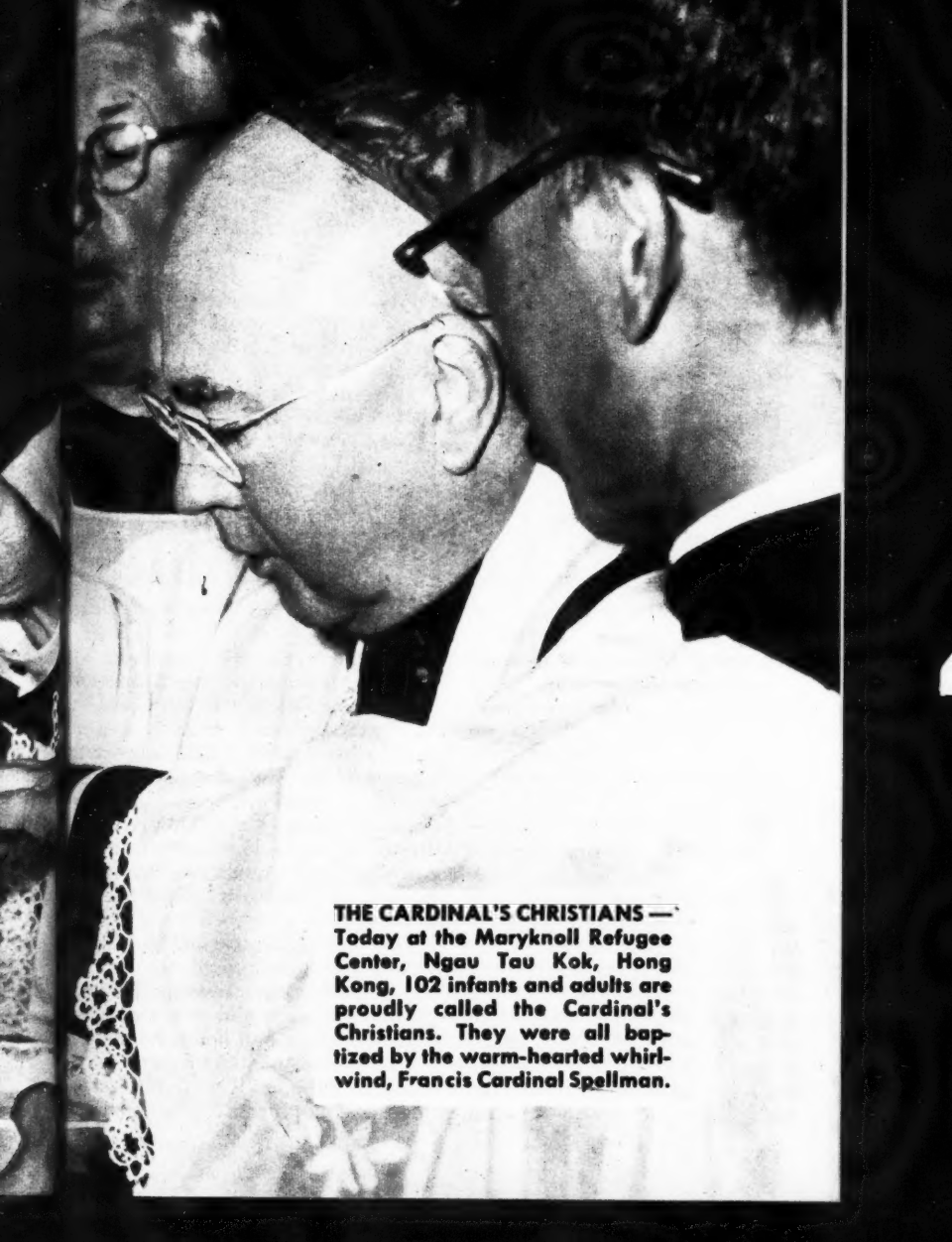
As the temple monks and nuns chanted their singsong prayers, keeping time with a rhythmic tapping of a gong, Father McCormick walked down the mountainside. He was on his way back to his mission, to offer the Holy Sacrifice.

The fact that he has a holy mountain — a place revered by many people throughout the area and a sanctuary of Buddhism — in his parish does not dishearten Father McCormick. The mountain casts no shadow for him; rather, it acts as a powerful incentive for ever greater apostolic efforts. ■ ■

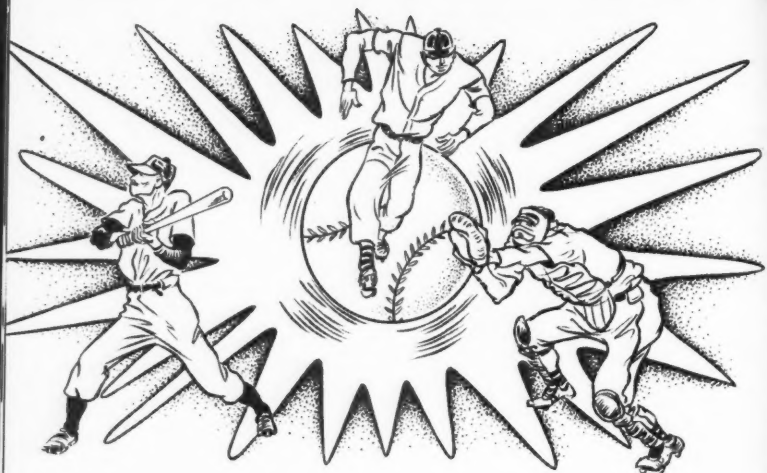
## HIS SHINING HOUR

Father Francis A. Diffley, Maryknoll Missioner stationed in Uji-Yamada, Japan, says that the latest catechumen in the parish is the printer who for years has been printing the parish monthly bulletin. Apparently it took that long for what the mission had been writing to sink in. Ironically enough, the name of the little parish paper is *Tomoshibi*, which means "The Light."





**THE CARDINAL'S CHRISTIANS —**  
Today at the Maryknoll Refugee  
Center, Ngau Tau Kok, Hong  
Kong, 102 infants and adults are  
proudly called the Cardinal's  
Christians. They were all bap-  
tized by the warm-hearted whirl-  
wind, Francis Cardinal Spellman.



# Baseball Comes to Chile

A family of four strolled in to keep the shortstop company.

BY JOHN BRADLEY, M.M.

■ THE GRAND old American game of baseball finally arrived in Chile. The Santiago papers announced a baseball game between a group of Venezuelans living in Santiago and some Chileans from Iquique. I hadn't been to a ball park for more than five years so the prospect of seeing a baseball game was really exciting. Well ahead of the starting time, I was in the front row of the grandstand at the parade ground

where the ball game was to be played.

It was not exactly the Yankee Stadium but the spirit was there. The parade ground is a large field paved with asphalt. There was not a blade of grass in sight. However, a team was going through the motions of warming up. They were dressed in regulation baseball uniforms but wore tennis shoes. For the warm-up period, hard rubber balls were used.

The game was to start at two o'clock. At one minute to two there was still no pitcher warming up. I feared that we would get a typical Chilean start, a half hour late. But at exactly two o'clock the umpire shouted, "Play Ball!" — in his best English. The pitcher for the home

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JULY

team walked to the mound, and looked in at his catcher for the signal for the first pitch. That boy wasn't going to tire his arm unnecessarily.

There was no backstop to obstruct the view, so many fans stationed themselves right behind the catcher. The pitcher, using a regulation baseball, threw the first pitch. The batter fouled it back, nearly tearing the head off a spectator behind the catcher. The spectator prudently withdrew but the rest of the fans held their ground. The umpire had wisely stationed himself behind the pitcher. The second pitch was grounded down to the third baseman. He fielded it cleanly but when he went to throw to first there was such a crowd over there that he could not see the first baseman. No play could be made; I don't know what the official scorer called it.

By that time the queer antics of the new game were attracting a crowd. A family of four, far out in left field, decided to come in and investigate. They leisurely sauntered in to short-left field, finally stopping just behind the shortstop. I think it was a merciful Providence, more than effective pitching, that kept a line drive from killing one of them. The second batter hit a hot grounder to the shortstop. Intent on getting a double play, the shortstop moved faster than his feet and fell on all fours. I closed my eyes — but the grounder bounced over his head. A hot grounder on asphalt is hard to handle.

At this point a bakery truck drove up with the buns for the hot dogs. It parked between first and second,

just off the base path. The police were making a valiant effort to keep order. Since they had no idea what the game was all about or where the danger spots might be, they were not very effective.

One batter lifted an easy fly to left field, but at that moment the left fielder was engaged in earnest conversation with a friend who had gone out to keep him from being lonely. Any scorer would be compelled to call it a double since the fielder was nowhere near the ball when it hit the ground.

I stayed for an hour. By that time two complete innings had been played. There had been no serious injuries, so I decided to leave while I still had some pleasant impressions. The next day I read in the paper that the Venezuelan team had badly beaten the Chileans. In all fairness, the reporter stated that they deserved to win since they had made only nine errors while the Chileans had committed twenty-two.

Now whenever the baseball bug bites me I write to Brother Jean who has a fine collection of old *Sporting News*. However, given the Chileans' determination and enthusiasm I am sure that before long Carrasquel, Minoso, Gomez, and all the other Latins in the Majors, will be battling against the Chileans to hold their jobs. I am sure, too, that the Chileans will secretly feel that baseball is a sissy game if played on a green field. ■ ■



# Follow the Leader

BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH, M.M.

■ HOW can we instill in the minds of the young people of America a knowledge of the foreign missions? The realization that men and women are consecrating their lives for those who know not Christ, can do much to turn the thoughts of children outward and upward to social and spiritual responsibilities. Is there a better ideal than unselfishness? And is there a better picture of unselfishness than the missions, where our priests and Sisters go the whole way for Christ and souls?

Seeing to it that young people get this inspiration, is a matter of loyalty. It is easy for boys and girls to sense that the adults around them care how many there are who do not know Christ, how hard their lives are, how meager their rewards, how many diseases they die of. Are the young people around us sure that we take seriously our responsibilities to such objectives as the exaltation of Holy Mother the Church, the salvation of our broth-

ers, the reign of Christ in the hearts of all men, the glory of God?

If these reasons for missions leave us cold, our young people will grow up with a similar apathy. We will fail in helping them to grasp the essential reason for mission work that should escape no one who has the precious gift of Faith. A true follower of Christ shares the Saviour's desire that all men know the true God. Are we loyal to our young people if our attitudes leave them in the dark on this important subject?

What are our attitudes toward the bulk of humanity who do not know Christ? A nation that does not know Christ, does not imply a people without God. True, such a nation lacks the vital knowledge of a loving Redeemer, but it has experienced the providential help of a merciful Father. Otherwise it would not be a civilization at all, but rather a chaos.

God does not abandon His strayed



## This Month's Cover

What is a missionary's viewpoint on the Latin-American boy on our cover this month and millions like him? It is necessarily a long-range outlook. Today's schools will strongly influence family life in the next generation; the missionary hopes that the succeeding generation will produce the wealth of vocations that Latin-American countries need.

children. He leads them by a partial light until they are prepared to recognize in His Son the full brightness of eternal light. Hence, the nations that do not know Christ to any appreciable degree are never far from God's eyes. We can't let ourselves imagine that — nor can we let ourselves forget that they are as far from His arms as could be readily conceived.

It is important that we help our young people realize that non-Christian races are not composed of abandoned people, sunk in hopeless quagmires of iniquity; rather, they are races of worthy human beings who have astonishingly fine qualities while lacking certain elements vital to their full development.

All of God's children are surprisingly good, and more's the pity. One more step to the revelation of His Son, and they would be confirmed and completed in their best potentialities and highest aspirations. Our task is entirely simple while it remains completely vital: Give Christ, who alone can prepare a perfect people.

YOUNG PEOPLE of today live in a world in which great segments of humanity have little anticipation of happiness. And yet our young people are happy. While the whole globe is plunged in disorder, with misery increasing on every side, with crisis after crisis impending, with actual chaos looming, our children are happy and content in the possession of the only real reason for happiness that can exist.

JULY, 1955

# Maryknoll

## The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911  
by the American Hierarchy to  
prepare missionaries from the  
United States and to send them  
forth, under the direction of the  
Holy See, to the mission fields  
of the world.

Whatever else this century does to our battle-scarred planet and the people on it, let's hope that the adults of today pass on to the adults of tomorrow a heritage of sharing the treasures that are ours through the Faith. If this generosity is part of our lives, young people will follow our lead.

What they inherit from us in this way may bring them sorrow but it must bring them consolation. It may bring them struggle but it must bring them peace. It must bring them God's gifts and blessings in fuller measure for they will be keepers of their brothers who do not yet know Christ.





# GOOD READING FOR SUMMER



## AMBASSADOR IN CHAINS

By Bp. Raymond A. Lane. A biography of Bp. Byrne by an old friend.  
Kenedy \$3.50

## THE MEANING OF MARYKNOLL

Written in the vivid style of Fr. Nevins, a book you will treasure.  
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Sister Maria del Rey's humorous yet straightforward experiences up and down Central and South America.  
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Father Meyer's remarkable How To Do It Book for the Lay Apostolate.  
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Father Considine's thrilling and widely heralded account of his travels throughout Africa.  
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■ TWO weary travelers and a pack animal arrived at night at a rubber worker's home, twenty minutes off the main trail. The night was dark. Only a weak light glowed in the house. Although the family is poor, their welcome for the Padre was royal. They apologized for not having something better to offer as they put before me and my guide a supper of beans, rice and partridge. The woman had known we were coming and had killed the bird that afternoon.

I elected to sleep on the floor, cushioned somewhat by an air mattress. It was not exactly a Beautyrest but it felt like one after a long day in the saddle.

Next morning before sunup, my guide and I were putting the saddles on the mules and getting the pack animal loaded. The good women of the house were also up, preparing us a hearty breakfast. We were on the trail again by six o'clock. In mid-morning we came to the Buyuyu River, a narrow but deep stream. To be on the safe side we walked over the narrow log bridge, carrying the saddles and equipment; our animals had to swim across the forty-foot wide stream.

Riding the jungle trail that day was lonesome business. We met no one on the trail which cuts through the dense Bolivian jungle. The silence was broken only by the screech of parrots and the songs of other birds. We came upon several small villages but they were deserted. All the people of the region were gathered in San Silvestre, waiting for me. It was a pity that I was three days late.

JULY, 1955

# First Visit

BY JAMES R. DYER, M.M.

That night we arrived at San Silvestre. This place has a small generating plant. Believe me, the sight of lights encouraged us on, and welcomed us in, out of the darkness and uncertainty and loneliness of the jungle trail.

The people came out to greet and welcome us. Some of the youngsters crowded eagerly around the Padre. Others stood watching the gringo, a little shy, afraid of getting too near a strange-looking man.

The next few days were busy with baptisms, confirmations and marriages. These people have a spark of Faith and feel the need for the Sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation. As for the other sacraments, which also offer them God's grace, they feel no need; and can get along without them.

I did my best to give the people a bit of doctrine. They were anxious to get back to their isolated homes in the jungle, so I did not detain them too long.

Thus ended for them the first contact with a Padre they have had in over seven years. I'm happy that I accomplished a little but sad that I could not stay long enough to make a more lasting impression on these good people. ■ ■

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# Action on Hokkaido

Portrait of Maryknollers trying on seven-league boots for size.

BY JAMES H. GORMAN, M.M.

■ FATHER MAYNARD and I were welcomed to Muroran, on the island of Hokkaido, by Father Tamura and some fifteen Catholics of the parish. Father Tamura, pastor of St. Anne's Church here in Muroran, was ordained in Rome. He is the essence of zeal; it didn't take us long to see that.

Father Tamura teaches catechism to individuals at home, to groups at the church, to patients in neighboring hospitals. He runs a Jocist unit and a Boy Scout troop. He leads a group of young people belonging to *Actis Mariae*, a local adaptation of the Legion of Mary.

Father Tamura also lectures on the social teachings of the Church at

the university. He has been invited by two neighboring high schools to begin study clubs. As if all the above activities were not sufficient, he has made it a policy to visit every Catholic home in the parish once a month.

At present, there are some 320 Catholics in the parish. Father Tamura will be quite a loss to the Church here in Muroran when he leaves to work in a hitherto neglected part of Hokkaido.

Father Maynard, the new pastor, took formal canonical possession of the parish in a short ceremony during Mass. A representative of the bishop made the introduction, and Father Maynard said a few well-

chosen words. After Mass, some 170 Catholics gathered in the church to officially welcome the new pastor and his curate. There were speeches, songs and the formal photo.

In the afternoon, Father Maynard and I were given the 75¢ tour of Muroan by several young men of the parish. We saw the city's aquarium, which has just about everything from a trout to a baby whale. Afterwards we witnessed a Japanese dance. This dance is performed only once a year, by people who are descendants of a famous clan. The dancers were dressed in fantastically old costumes.

One day a Swiss Bethlehem Father paid us a visit; he is gathering information for a thesis that he is writing on the early martyrs of Hokkaido. I was under the impression that there had been no persecution in this area. But Father told us that the martyrs and their descendants were the ones who had propagated the Faith on Hokkaido.

Relatively speaking, Hokkaido is young country. People started immigrating to this section of Japan

only 100 years ago. I've heard many a claim that the Church has a better chance of flourishing here than on Japan's main islands. Buddhism and Shintoism are very strong in southern Japan. They do not have that hold on the people in this area, precisely because of Hokkaido's youth. We had heard rumors that communism is strong here. Bishop Tomizawa, however, and the priests acquainted with the situation say that these reports are exaggerated.

A meeting of the Boy Scout leaders that we attended was held to put the finishing touches on plans for the following week's outing of some 30 Scouts. They were going to a beautiful resort in the mountains. We attended because we were expected to supply any deficiencies in the financial department.

Father Maynard asked, "How much will everything cost?"

The answer was, "9:30 P.M."

Apparently there is a similarity in Hokkaidoese between "How much?" and "What time do the Boy Scouts retire?" ■ ■

## INDY ANN'S HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE





# SKOOL'S OUT

BY RICHARD McMONIGAL, M.M.

About a trip on horses salvaged from an old merry-go-round.

■ "NO MORE classes, no more books, no more teachers' dirty looks!" was the cry that rang through the Beni this month as our schools closed down for the summer vacation.

We had a nice graduation here in San José. The children presented a tableau. During it one of the angels, kneeling at the feet of the girl representing the Blessed Mother, got sick. It was a sticky situation for a minute until Sister Karl reached across the stage, scooped up the girl and carried her off.

Our graduation was followed in rapid succession by the graduation from Carmen School, and then that from the professional school. The

latter made history since it was the first graduating class. The girls were complete with white cap and gowns—another first for the pueblo.

When the smoke all cleared away we found that we had educated 937 children in four parochial schools at a cost of \$4,230 — \$4.51 a head. That seems like somewhat a bargain in these days of high prices. Now all we have to do is to find some way to raise \$4,000 for next year.

During the vacation days, I had a chance to make a mission trip. Rosalino and I left at 5:30 A.M. and drove to a place where we could get horses. They were salvaged from some broken down merry-go-round. I used a borrowed saddle that had served in the Civil War and was patched together with sundry nails and wire, a series of ropes and straps. Rosalino's horse had legs that went in four different direc-



ions. The right rear leg had been broken and mended at an angle. These two horses could win any race in the States, and against the best horses. All the other horses would take one look, lie down and die of laughter.

But riding was pleasant at that hour of the morning. The sun was filtering through the jungles, glistening on the heavy dew. Birds were singing madly. The clean smell of damp earth came up with every step. The air was cool and fresh. Every time I looked around to see if Rosalino was still with me, I thought I was seeing an historical mirage. He has black hair, aquiline features; with his long legs sticking out from his burlap-bag saddle on that scrawny horse, he looked just like young Abe Lincoln.

We arrived about 9:30 and got a big welcome. I heard a few confessions and then celebrated Mass. I have said Mass in some beautiful churches and cathedrals, but never was the Mass more impressive than under a thatched roof with the tropical heat pouring through, bugs buzzing around. These poor simple people gathered before the altar might be forgotten by everyone else but not by God and His Church.

After Mass we started back to the house. I felt sorry for Rosalino; he was loaded down with a knapsack and the Mass kit. But I need not have worried. There are advantages to being sixteen and good-looking. In minutes, he had a bevy of young girls bleating around him, "Let me carry something, Rosalino." He arrived empty-handed and I was still carrying my load.

That night was the climax. I had gone to bed to sleep the sleep of the just. It seemed I had just fallen into a deep sleep, when the waves of unconsciousness began to recede. I had the feeling I was covered with bugs.

As I became semiconscious I began to talk to myself: "Now look, Junior, that's the last stage. When you begin to think you are covered with bugs, they lock you up." Several sharp bites made me fully conscious. I groped for my flashlight and found I was covered with ants — thousands of them were crawling all over me. One arm had been over the edge of the bed, touching the wall. An army of ants had entered near the floor, crawled up the wall, used my arm as a bridge and invaded my bed.

I managed to grab a bottle of kerosene and pour it around the legs of the bed to stop the invasion. Then I began the job of clearing out the bed. It took me one hour. The next day I found dead ants piled up along the wall, where the kerosene had done its work.

THE LAST big feast day was men's Communion Sunday for the whole pueblo. Father Collins got all the soldiers in town for confession, Communion and breakfast afterwards. Father Fritz got the Young Ladies' Sodality to go around to visit the young fellows and men to invite them to con-



fession and Communion. I spoke to the Altar-and-Rosary Society, asking them to send men of their families. The Catholic Action boys promised to come. We were happy Saturday night when we had a lot of male penitents.

Sunday morning was even a bigger thrill. The Catholic Action boys all showed up and sang the high Mass with the orphans. At Communion time all the men in church went to the altar rail. For the first time, men outnumbered the women communicants! It took a little group action to give the men the courage they need. We hope now that we can get them to do it oftener.

Other things, too, indicate that people are learning the value of developing group morale. Some Catholic Action youths came to Father Fritz, to see if he could do something about a marriage that was breaking up. Father Fritz had married the young couple a few months ago and the marriage was sailing into troubled waters — drink and mother-in-law trouble.

Father Fritz complimented the young people on their interest. Before they would have dismissed the problem with, "It's none of our business." Father Fritz visited the couple and hopes for the best.



Sister Rose Cordis told me about José Mino, a Japanese whom she suspected had cancer of the esophagus. I went to see him and found he was wasting away. I began instructing him. He was so weak, he could listen for about five minutes, and then he would drift off.

After a while Sister was able to find a bed for him in the hospital. One of the Sisters continued with his instruction. He couldn't learn much but he gave firm assent to all the doctrine. One evening he called for Sister Rose Cordis and said he was going to die. He had a little money and he told her what to do with it. She called Father Fransen and he baptized poor old José.

A day or two later, at 5:00 A.M., José slipped quietly out of this world with the baptismal grace fresh on his soul. I went to the hospital with the jeep and brought the wasted body back to his family.

Then the Japanese colony took over with a charity and efficiency that were edifying. They bought the coffin, dug the grave and secured all the official documents. By the time I got back to the house, two young Japanese fellows were there, helping to clean the place and fix the body.

José had one of the biggest funerals in these parts. His wife had been sick earlier in the year and Sisters had taken care of her. I learned later that she used to talk against us a lot. But she has been almost smothered with kindness, first during her own illness and then after the death of her husband. Now when a priest or Sister enters the house, she breaks down and cries with gratitude.

■ ■

MARYKNOLL

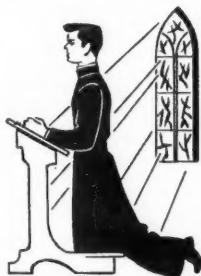


## SOME REASONS WHY

# MARYKNOLL NEEDS A CHAPEL



**1. DAILY MASS**



**2. PRAYER AND MEDITATION**



**3. BENEDICTION AND DEVOTIONS**



**4. ORDINATIONS**

### MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

I wish to have a share in providing a chapel for the Maryknoll Seminary.  
Please include me in your prayers.

- ☐ I enclose \$..... for your Chapel Fund.
- ☐ I will send you \$..... each month, for your Chapel Fund.  
(Please send me a monthly reminder.)

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....





(Above) Seminarians at Maryknoll's Major Seminary look out over the lordly Hudson. (Left) Hike day at The Venard (Pennsylvania) finds hungry boys.

## A Quick Trip Around the Bases

■ YEARS AGO the pages of this magazine were filled with the doings at the various Maryknoll training houses around the country. Because of the extensive development of our mission work in the past decade, we have been hard put to find space to tell our readers what is happening abroad, and only an occasional homeland story sees print.

Actually, things are bustling in our seminaries from coast to coast, where over seven hundred young men are preparing to become missionaries.

This month, through the medium of the camera, we have a quick tour for our readers to some of Maryknoll's training houses. Because it's vacation time, we've accented the nonscholastic side.

■ ■



**The Maryknoll Novitiate (above) is at Bedford, Massachusetts. Spanish and Chinese architectures meld in our preparatory college in California.**



Spanish  
California.



**Before ordination Father Michael A. Gould piloted this Seminary tractor.**



Manual labor is part of every seminarian's life. The shoe-repair shop at Maryknoll gives the would-be missionary a way to save soles.



Summer finds the Novitiate walks bordered in color.





# Miracle at Dawn

Life's fiercely competing layers.

BY LAWRENCE M. O'NEILL

■ IN THE darkness the priest swung out of the hammock and thumped onto the floor. He guessed at the time as he reached for a flashlight. It was two, perhaps three in the morning. The jungle outside was oddly quiet. Through the window he could make out the chill wide-eyed stars winking just above the treetops, almost entangled in the branches.

The boy whispered through the curtain: "Hurry, Padre."

The priest pulled on his boots without answering. Beneath the curtain he could see a pair of small feet. He did not recognize the voice. But he would know the face, like many others; flat half-Indian features, thick black hair; brown eyes with childhood's light prematurely dying out. The priest parted the curtain and stepped outside.

"Is it your father?"

MARYKNOLL

"Yes, Padre. The fever. He is very sick."

"It's good you came. Did your father ask for me?"

"I don't know, Padre. My mother sent me. She wants you to bring medicine."

The priest vanished into the darkness of the room and came back with a small black satchel.

"Are you too tired to walk?"

"No, Padre. I am strong. It is not far."

The priest followed the boy out into the night of silence and stars. The sick man lived by the river, in a sagging, rain-beaten hut that he had built himself. The boy ran ahead down the sloping bank, and the priest could hear the black mud sucking at his footsteps. The woman was at the door, with an oil lamp in her hand, to meet them. She caught the priest's hand and kissed it, then crossed herself profusely. Her eyes were searching for the black satchel, for the medicine.

"Where is your husband?"

She motioned the priest inside, and held the lamp in front of him so that it threw pale dancing shadows on the rough wall. The sick man was lying in a corner, in his faded dungarees, stretched out on a cot like a broken doll. His body twitched with the fever, but he made no sound. The priest knelt down beside the sick man and put his black bag on the dirt floor. He laid a hand across the hot, wet forehead.

They will never learn to boil the water, he thought. Perhaps it was not the water. He recalled seeing a rubber worker, farther upriver, scrape maggots off a piece of salted

pork before calmly popping it into his mouth. Precautions soon grew tedious in the tropics, even to the foreigners.

The priest felt his hand grow warm from the burning forehead. He saw the woman's head shadowed on the wall, bobbing anxiously behind his back in the flickering lamp-light. The boy was kneeling at his father's feet, fearful of the shaking body and glistening face.

Clearly the man was going to die today — perhaps tonight. The priest could feel the woman's eyes fixed on the black bag. He would leave her some atabrine, a pharmaceutical consolation. He caught the sick man looking at him with dark tired eyes. He will not die easily, the priest thought. He is going to protest an ending like this. He is young, his wife is young, and there is the boy. Never before had he needed medicine or doctors, except for a machete wound — a man expects those when he is working the rubber.

The sick man knew that it was a priest who had felt his forehead and sprung the latch on the black bag. He could hear some murmured instructions, and he saw his wife kissing the priest's hand and rapidly crossing herself, in the manner of devout women. He felt the fever gathering in droplets on his brow, and he groaned at the outrage of it; to be cut down and thrown into a dark corner like a felled log.

The priest took a crucifix from the bag; a silver Christ twisted in agony on the black plastic cross. Is it time, then, to think of God? It must be so. With the fever and

the slow draining out of life, comes the priest, and with the priest God, and the Lord Jesus with the most Holy Virgin, and Saint Margaret, the patroness of the barraca.

It would be like meeting some old friends when one is embarrassed and cannot remember names.

The man's wife was weeping. The crucifix had frightened her; she, too, was thinking of God and of dying with so little to say now that He is here. A glimmer of confusion came and went in the sick man's eyes, like a candle flame in the breeze. The priest would surely tell him what to do, would give him some words. It seems one should first make the sign of the cross. He fumbled around on his chest with his left hand until he felt the crucifix, and ran his finger over the chill silver. He reached a shaking hand up and traced a cross through the sweat and the hair that had fallen down over his forehead. He thought, as he felt his wet skin, of the hasty tropical burial, the fat white grubs, feasting on the shell of him lying under the damp jungle floor. He thought of the funeral, and the few friends walking from the grave back to the barraca, still alive and talking of him.

"Padre, you must speak for me! What am I to do! I am still strong. Ramirez is an old man, but still he is out there every season, working. He is sixty, they say. An old man . . . working."

He was shouting. He tried to

raise himself from the cot, and his eyes were fierce and burning with the fever. The priest held his quivering arms and eased him down. The sick man laid his head back on

the cot and licked his lips. He lay very still, as if he wanted to listen to his wife's low sobbing.

The priest bent low and spoke softly: "There is no time to think of Ramirez now. You will want to be ready for the Lord Jesus and His holy Mother."

"Yes, the Lord. Padre, you must help me. If one is sorry, He will forget everything. Is it not so?"

"It is so, most surely. Now we must get ready for Him."

It was dawn when the priest left the dying man's hut. As he sloshed up the muddy path from the riverbank, the towering hardwoods broke slowly out of the night, outlined sharply in the pale sky. The priest felt the bites of flies swarming up from the river; from the jungle came the chatter of monkeys and songs of birds building up to daylight volume. He passed an abandoned wharf, rotting brown planks collapsing into the water. More sagging huts lined the shore. More huts, more men in faded dungarees, moving in ignorant files toward the final encounter, each sweating out his life on a lumpy cot, full of fear, like a child in the dark.

Death makes for these undernourished bodies from a thousand avenues. Death on the river — a falling log, a hardwood giant, crumbling at

**Send a Gift Subscription of  
MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR  
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doctor, dentist, lawyer, hairdress-  
er, or send one to your hospital.**

the roots, falls down on a passing launch; only splinters and blood and a rainbow slick of oil to float a man's fate past the next barraca. Or venomous stingrays up from the sandy bottom. Everywhere the fever, germs, microscopic killers swimming the lifestream.

The priest stirred himself to an act of faith, like a rider spurring his horse to life. Faith in the passing of this colorful, boisterous, pitiless world, which seemed more real than God at times. The jungle engulfed him, and he marveled at such a tangle of fresh green life; life over life in fiercely competing layers, twisting vines, spreading thorn bushes, ancient hardwoods pushing their thick trunks up out of the shadows into the sun. Everything fresh from God, everything challenging everything else, chaos and vigor.

But in his shack, the sick man's life was draining out of him in sweat and shivering. Soon he would die, with his burning tongue speaking the childhood things. May the Lord Jesus forgive all his foolish and sinful ways.

The overgrown path broke out of the jungle, and the priest caught sight of the walls of his church, brazen white in the sun. He felt ashamed for his little faith. He had seen Christ reach out in the darkness before the dawn and catch the groping hand, in the dim light of the poor man's hut. Christ found His way even to that sagging, rain-washed hut on the banks of the river. There is hope for all the sick, forgotten souls in all the backwaters of the world. ■ ■

JULY, 1955

## FORM for Wills

"I hereby give and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York,\* also known as Maryknoll, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars to be used for the purposes for which it was incorporated."

(If you wish to leave a bequest for Masses, please state the number of Masses requested. If the bequest is for some particular purpose, please describe it so that your wishes will be fulfilled.)

### \*FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Maryknoll is incorporated in the following States: New York, California, Illinois, New Jersey, Louisiana, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Missouri, Pennsylvania — Hawaii. For further information, write for our free booklet.

**"WHAT ONLY YOU CAN DO"**

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS**  
**Maryknoll P. O.**  
**New York**

# Letters

## OF THE MONTH

**We do not publish any letter without first obtaining the writer's permission.**

### **Wedding Present**

My brother Tom and I received the enclosed amount for serving at a wedding. We would like to give it to the Maryknoll missionaries.

RICHARD STRITTER

San Antonio, Tex.

### **Rebuke**

Adelaide I. Barry should hang her head in shame! Those poor uncivilized colored people are living in the present, not the past. How can we truly know the circumstances in remote parts of the world unless you show them to us. Flattering or not, the truth is what we want.

LEON B. CANDLER

Denver

### **Sideline**

About fifteen years ago I started cutting my own hair. After I married my barbering activities increased when three children came along. Recently several members of my family asked to pay me for my services. I was reluctant until I thought of Maryknoll. Now I am cutting hair for the missions. Here's the profit for today — two haircuts.

MRS. W. F. TIMMONS

Bothell, Wash.

### **Big Blow**

I am thirteen and a student at St. Martin Hall. As I play the piano accom-

dion and tuba in the school band, I am going to offer my practice through our Lady for Maryknollers all over the world.

JAMIE KATE AGNES BYRNE

Goliad, Tex.

### **Reminder**

I have just received my first issue of your wonderful magazine. I am a member of the Air Force, who is contemplating entering religion when my enlistment is up. Your fine magazine will keep before my eyes the reality of this sick world.

A/3c JOSEPH M. MOSLEY JR.

Alaska

### **What's in a Name?**

I don't think much of John McGuire as a 100% Catholic. I am sure that there are many Catholics like myself who would give anything to be able to do more for the missions. He should belong to some of the other religions which insist on members giving 10% of their salaries. He sure isn't living up to what his name would indicate.

VERN C. JEFFREY

Grand Forks, N. D.

We were shocked and ashamed at the letter from Philadelphia by John McGuire. Maryknoll doesn't force anyone to contribute if he doesn't want to. Where would Maryknoll be today if it didn't beg for this and that. My wife and I wish we

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could give more, but are unable. John McGuire must be an unpleasant man.

JAMES AND LOIS TRESS  
Stratford, N. J.

#### Charity

I have been trying to figure out that lady who wants her subscription stopped because it gave her son the idea he wanted to become a priest. Wouldn't you think the "Real Catholic Mother" would be proud to have a son a priest? I hope and pray she will change her mind. If not, I hope God will be merciful to her.

RONALD A. GLEASON  
Syracuse, N. Y.

#### Eyewitness

I worked for some time (1946-48) in Korea and had the pleasure of seeing just how much is done with the small gifts we are able to make. It was there I had the great honor to meet such men as Bishop Byrne, Monsignor Carroll and Father Bill Booth. If others could only see just how much is given by these heroic men, not just in terms of money, but just how much they give of themselves! I could go on for pages about Maryknoll.

JOHN AND EILEEN PARDEE  
Fort Worth, Tex.

#### Prayers Asked

Please pray that I may succeed as an X-ray technician and be able to support my five children. The enclosed is a very small return for the blessings I have received but I know that it will help someone less fortunate. I am not a Catholic but that will come in Our Lord's time. I am very thankful for all I have been given — my family, my children, our good health and kind friends.

NAME WITHHELD  
Estacada, Oregon

JULY, 1955

#### Thankful

I thank God every day that He blessed me by having me born in a Catholic family. Nothing more wonderful could have happened to me. I shall continue to pray for all missionaries, asking God to watch over these unselfish and wonderful men who go out to all corners of the world. I only wish I had more to give.

MRS. A. H. REEVES  
New York City

#### Last Word

Please send that John McGuire one more copy of your swell book so that he can read this letter. I have a friend who wants to be a priest, and I have been telling him: "If you become a priest, be a Maryknoll priest. They're the BEST." Tell Mr. McGuire for me that he doesn't deserve to have a super-duper, terrific superific cool, neat, honest to goodness, great, wonderful, real gone, anything good you want to call it, magazine.

JOHN LO PINTO  
Long Branch, N. J.

#### Mistaken Identity

In the March issue of MARYKNOLL, I observed the poem "The Master's Hand," published over the signature of Jean S. Lauer. This poem was written and copyrighted in 1929 by Myra Brooks Welch. It is an outstanding production and credit should be given to the proper author.

W. L. BEASON  
Denver

■ Our thanks to author-wise Reader Beason and others who called this mistake to our attention. Our apology to Mrs. Welch for not crediting this thoughtful poem to her. Our severest editorial scowl at our poetry editor for allowing a mix-up in names to occur. ■ ■



# Meet the Altar Boys

What's an occasional blood nose among these gentlemen!

BY ROBERT E. KEARNS, M.M.

■ OUR PARISH in Arequipa, Peru, has 65 altar boys. I translated the handbook of the Knights of the Altar into Spanish and used this as a basis to start an altar-boy society. Its primary purpose is to obtain vocations to the priesthood.

Each candidate received an altar card with all the prayers he had to learn. One week was allowed to learn to read them; the following week was spent in memorizing the responses.

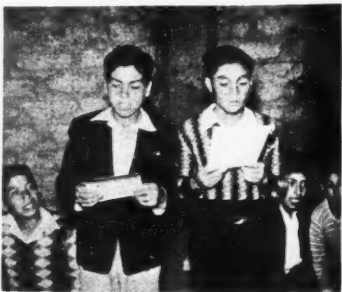
In the altar boys' sacristy we put wash basin, water, soap, comb, nail file, brown and black shoe polish, for the use of the servers. A notebook was also left there so that the altar boys could sign in after completing an assignment.

The initial group had to go through a period of probation. Three absences from assignments or meetings meant that a boy was dismissed. If one came late five times, he was out. The lads surprised us.

More than 60 were present for each meeting. And the lads assigned to serve the seven o'clock Mass were out in the rectory yard, playing basketball at six in the morning.

At the end of the probation period, those who qualified were given diplomas, stating that they were Knights of the Altar.

We went through the growing pains of all altar-boy societies. Our



Learning Latin prayers is never fun but our boys have a big goal.

MARYKNOLL



lads love to light candles. Two candles means two for each server, by their mathematics. To keep peace in the family we sometimes let four serve a low Mass. Needless to say, that means a lot of extra candles.

One day there was a scramble for the bell which turned into a mad scuffle which was terminated when the priest at the altar turned around and just stared, trying to keep a straight face.

On another day, Erasmus tried to change the missal to the Gospel side of the altar. Hereached up with the missal and its heavy stand but the altar proved too high for him. The open book fell on top of his head. He couldn't move either stand or missal. I reached out a long left arm and rescued the poor lad.

After Mass I said: "Erasmus, that cassock you're wearing is too long for you. You should have put on a shorter one."

"I know, Father," he said. "I put on this long one on purpose so you wouldn't notice that I had forgotten to wear my shoes this morning."

He lifted the cassock to show me his bare feet.

No small part of our altar-boy program consists of social and sports activities. Fortunately, up to the present our social program has been limited to a local game, something like "Hit the Cat" we used to play in New York. It's a tossup whether they love that game or bingo the most. For my money, both games



Our altar boys spruce up before serving. Soap, combs and shoe polish are provided.

are ideal when handling such a large group.

Our sports program includes basketball. We formed three divisions. Father Charles Girnius came over from Yanahuara, to teach the lads a little something about the game. During the first one there were eight boys on each side. One of the lads picked up the ball and ran down the center of the court, with all the others tugging and pulling on his shirt. Someone took the ball away from him and the culprit was promptly tackled. Throwing the ball through the basket was the last thing they thought of.

The boys gave us a lesson in child psychology. For days after they began playing basketball, some would come running to me about every



To keep peace in the family there are often this many serving a low Mass.

other minute with: "They won't let me play." "There's a fight."

At first I went out and tried to calm things down. But one day during a big rumpus I found the answer. Casually I said to a group of the altar boys: "You shouldn't fight among yourselves. Altar boys are supposed to be gentlemen."

Some of the boys withdrew immediately from the fray, saying to their companions, "Father said we shouldn't fight." A few minutes later everyone was playing again. Since then I've almost worn out that phrase about altar boys being gentlemen.

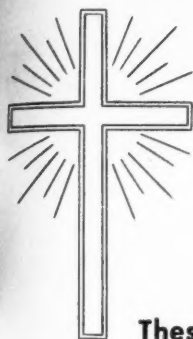
Early one morning I heard a bell and reached over to turn off the alarm but a bell kept ringing. I went to the window to see who was at the front door at that hour in the morning. The time was five minutes to five.

A cheery voice from below called up: "Good morning, Father. Can I have the soccer ball? We want to get a game started before it gets too warm."

Our first-aid kit came in handy when one of the lads fell off a wall and split his head. A passer-by threw a stone over the back wall and opened the scalp of one of the boys. An occasional bloody nose is quickly settled when the winner is handed a cloth and cold water, and told to wash the blood off the loser.

Our altar boys are now making a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament. This strengthening of their spiritual life is one of the greatest consolations I've had since coming to Peru. The other day I saw Alfonso coming out of church and asked him for what he was praying.

"I've got everything I need, Father, so I prayed for you." ■ ■



# For Someone You Love

GIVE A MEMORIAL CHAPEL  
TO A MARYKNOLL MISSION

These chapels are needed in various lands:

## KOREA

Ch'ong Ju . . . . .	\$15,000
Che Chon . . . . .	10,000
Cheung Pyung . . . . .	10,000
Ch'ung Ju . . . . .	10,000
Ok Chon . . . . .	10,000

## FORMOSA

Ts'ao Tun . . . . .	\$ 9,000
Tung She . . . . .	7,000
Poli . . . . .	7,000
Fung Yuan . . . . .	7,000
Changhua . . . . .	6,000
Taii Kaap . . . . .	4,000

## JAPAN

Saiin . . . . .	\$15,000
Tanabe . . . . .	8,000
Utsumura . . . . .	5,000
Kuwano . . . . .	5,000
Uji . . . . .	5,000
Katsura . . . . .	5,000

## CHILE

Huachipato . . . . .	\$ 5,000
San Gregorio . . . . .	3,000

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

# Bamboo Wireless

Visitors to Maryknoll, N.Y., loud in exclamations of praise for decorations of new chapel, now virtually completed. The seminary property, which looked like proving ground for atom bombs, gradually being cleaned up and restored as construction workers start leaving. First class ordained in new chapel is largest in Maryknoll's history -- sixty priests . . . Elsewhere Maryknoll building program continues. In Pusan, Korea, Father JOSEPH CONNORS finishing new church, and Maryknoll Sisters building a hospital and tuberculosis sanatorium.

\* \* \*

After three years of hard work the Maryknoll Seminary at Glen Ellyn, Ill., has been accredited by the North Central Association of Colleges and Schools. The St. Paul (Minn.) Seminary is the only other seminary to belong. Faculty, curriculum, instruction, library, administration, finance, physical plant and athletics were all evaluated before approval.

\* \* \*

American enterprise marches on. The Coca-Cola Company has sponsored the costs of printing the first edition of Father EDWARD KOECHER's new Spanish catechism. This enables him to distribute it gratis to Mexico's poor. The book is in demand by priests all over Mexico . . . Flying saucers have appeared in the Andes. A Peruvian pastor told Maryknollers in Ayaviri that he had seen one close-up . . . This year's annual overseas assignments list the names of 57 Maryknollers.

\* \* \*

On Formosa, Father J. MAYNARD MURPHY spent four days distributing milk powder to 5,000 people. On the fifth day (Sunday) after Mass he took care of 437 goiter patients . . . Bishop GEORGE J. REHRING of Toledo to preach at Maryknoll Departure June 12.

\* \* \*

The champion boxer of Japan is a member of Maryknoll's Kinagusa parish, reports Father TED KUECHMANN . . . Father J. HARVEY TESSIER tells of a boy who applied for our seminary in Puno. When his home was visited, it was learned he lived with his mother and five brothers in a single room, twelve by five feet. The father had deserted years earlier, and the poor mother had supported her brood for years on 25¢ a day, made by taking in washing.



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## Maya Moderne

■ THESE MAYA girls may start a new hat style among the ladies; that is if one doesn't mind a live parrot walking about. They are descendants of the original inhabitants of Middle America. Note the beautiful embroidery work of their loose-fitting tropical dresses.



# WANT ADS

**"As long as you did it to . . . you did it to Me."**

**For Sale:** One good Guatemalan "sunshine stopper." These shingles guaranteed for tattered school roofs. Price: \$125. Will keep sunshine's luminous looks away from school children's study books.

**Expose.** Missioner in the Philippines makes confession. Testifies he lacked the \$50 necessary to honor Sacrament with a new "confession box." Appeals to charity for sympathetic help.

**Lost:** Candle supply, labeled "Hong Kong refugees." Last ones used at Mass and Benediction services. Value: 500 for \$100. Finder richly rewarded.

**African "Hooky Players"** pardoned by school officials. Children promise to trade "bows and arrows" for books as soon as priests can secure money for the bush teachers. Salary: \$10 a month.

**Hong Kong Refugee Report:** Needy family tearfully express deepest gratitude to wonderful \$10 benefactor. Priests pray for increased manifestations of merciful kindness.

**Chilean Youths Confess** to delinquency charges. Complain of inadequate recreational facilities. Maryknoll Fathers anxious to help but lack the necessary \$500.

**"Japanese Sandman"** fails to show up. Dormitory lacks 30 beds, \$12 each. Priests praying for charitable solution to "sandman's" absence.

**Wanted to Rent:** One comfortable Bolivian home for needy blind persons. Will accommodate eight. Excellent care. Offering: \$5 a month.

**"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"** — but Peruvians sing that "Incense Touches Your Heart!" Priests seeking a year's supply for ceremonies. Announce cost of \$20.

**Flash!** Catholics want to "sit down on the job" in Taichung, Formosa. Asking for 70 church benches, at \$25 each!

**Apology to Formosan Mothers** Sorry to discontinue our assistance in caring for your babies. We love them tenderly but do not have the needed \$500.

**Guatemalan Kidnap!** Thousands of dispensary patients "put away" huge supply of medicine and bandages. Demand a \$50 ransom from Mr. and Mrs. Love N. Kindness.

**Lovely Lady Makes Debut.** Mary, the Mother of God, now known by 300 Formosan converts. Each desires 25c to honor Mary with a rosary.

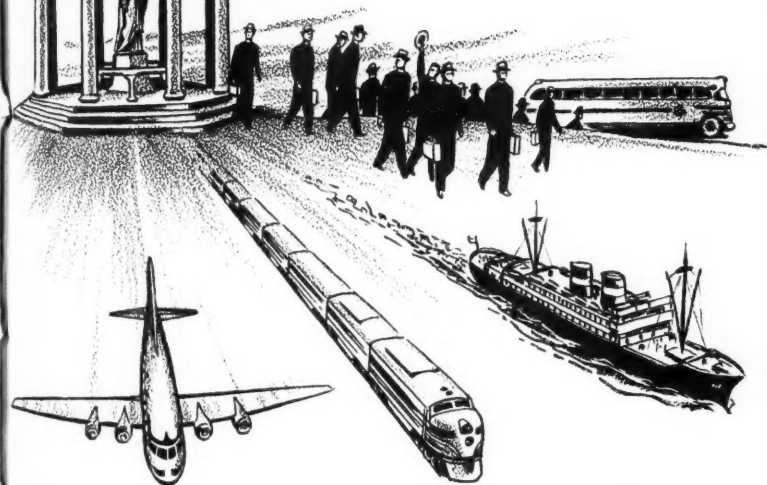
**Invest Now!** Missioners in Chile wish to give you a share in "Hungry Parishioners, Inc." Any amount accepted.

**Faithful Horse** in Bolivia of three years' service demands new saddle. Priest-rider seeking necessary \$50 to soften backbone of his indispensable animal.

# Departure Day From Maryknoll



More than sixty priests and Brothers leave Maryknoll this month by plane, train, boat and bus for their mission posts overseas on four continents. Will you help us buy their tickets?



## THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

I understand that it costs \$500 to send each missionary to his post overseas. I enclose \$ . . . . . to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary. I wish him success!

My Name . . . . .

Street . . . . .

City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . .

# People are Interesting!

Negro Priest  
and Dying Man



1. Father George, first Negro priest in a South African city, gets urgent call: "Hurry! Man dying!"



2. At scene of auto accident, Father George found prostrate white man in great pain and approached him.



3. But despite his pain, long habit prompted the sufferer to object violently to the Negro's presence.



4. A nearby white Catholic shouted into the injured man's ear: "He's a priest!! He wants to anoint you!"



5. With a smile the sufferer now received the Last Rites. The dying man grasped the priest's hand.



6. "At that moment," remarked Father George, "I saw my priesthood was of a world above all prejudice."

**Christ belongs to ALL the human race.**

Prison  
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long habit  
to object  
presence

remarked  
priesthood  
prejudice.

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